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could not free her hands from stains of guilt, bowed to the dust, emaciated and dishevelled, tired of all eyes, weary of the world, of life, and yet shrinking from the horrors of death. Her eyes were dry and sunken, her lips were brown and cracked, all the sweet dews of youth had for ever fled, all tides of living waters had receded, and over in her mind, Heaven hung the burning light!

Here was earnest work. No actor can represent for you, the visible effects of either of the fearful ills which burn along the interior world of life. Were it possible, the multitude would not allow such representations. They demand that fine conventional rendering of these phenomena, which is evolved from three distinct forces, the nature of the phenomenon being modified by the character of the people to whom such representation is addressed.

Just beyond this is the great objective truth, marked by a terrible concentrative earnestness. Wherefore, then, this picture of the Magdalen is not the painter's embodied conception of the character of his subject, but a revelation of himself, a betrayal of his secret. So I wrote that on my tablets, leaving space to write whatever I might subsequently learn in relation to the work and its author, which was the following:

Andrea del Castagno lived and wrought in Florence when Art was poor in means; unable through the feebleness of its *palette* to attain to those subtle and exquisite refinements of color, and light, and shade, of which a few of the more ambitious painters had seen the far-off gleaming. The genius of that remarkable age, no longer gazed with gently alternating vision, now upon heaven, the ultimate of the soul's highest, now abroad upon the level human world, in human sympathy, but had caught a gleam of her own simple and spotless garments reflected in the still waters.

At this time the studio of Andrea, whose easel had borne only those quaint and often beautiful pictures in *distemper*, executed for the holy church, became gloomy. Mysteries of light and shade, and problems of colors tormented him; peace had departed, and neither in art nor in nature, nor in religion, could he find rest. The shining of gold that gold itself could not represent, the inward gleaming of eyes, the light beneath the shade, and the deeper tone of blood seen *through* the golden surface, the quality of nature's tints, had she placed these effects there, are inaccessible heights.

The adaptation of the visual organ, the demand of his nature, and its receptiveness, assumed the hue of prophecies, as they were. Yet of what avail were prophecies and longings? Was not the limit of the pallet too well defined?

While Andrea was thus vexing himself, goaded on by an insane ambition which demanded no less of his art than that it should enable him to triumph over all his contemporaries, there came a rumor from the north that a new and wondrous method had been discovered, by which all the effects of nature could be revealed; and soon a young man came from Venice who knew of this new process, and had in his possession the secret of *painting in oil*. Him our artist sought, and being a man of engaging manners, skilled in all accomplishments of that refined age, he speedily won the friendship of the Venetian, who waited not long to instruct Andrea in the new method of mixing colors. With what delight he saw the boundaries of his Art suddenly expanded, nay, swept away, leaving the domain unlimited, a consciousness of power. Ah! but the Venetian, he too had the power likewise, and that thought dashed the cup of joy from the painter's lips.

Little more remains to be said, and we will give it in the language of Vasari.

"One evening in the summer time, Dominica, the Venetian, taking his lute as was his custom,

went forth from Santa Maria Nuova, leaving Andrea in his room drawing, the latter having refused his invitation to accompany him to their amusements as usual, under the pretext that he had to prepare certain drawings of importance. Dominica having thus gone forth alone to his recreations, Andrea disguised his person, and set himself to wait for his companion's return at the corner of a street; and when Dominica, on his way home, arrived at this place, he fell upon him with a certain leaden weight, and there-with crushed the lute and the chest of his victim with repeated blows. But even this did not appear to him sufficient for his purpose, and with the same weapon he struck his victim heavily on the head; then leaving him lying on the ground, he returned to his room in Santa Maria Nuova, where, having locked the door, he sat down to his drawing as he had been left by Dominica."

This was the man who painted the Magdalen of the Pitti Palace, whose works henceforth from the evening of the murder, uttered with fearful power the secrets of a guilty soul, until upon his death-bed the particular crime was confessed; but strangely enough not one painting in oil by Andrea del Castagno has been preserved.

In my next I will speak of another phase of the Pre-Raphaelite Art, made manifest in the works of one, who from his holy tranquillity and divine enthusiasm, is known as the Fra Angelico, *Il Beatta* the Blessed.

ADIO.

#### WILLIAM PAGE.

(From the London Art Journal.)

"At the risk of being thought guilty of exaggeration, I declare, after visiting the studio of Mr. Page, that he is undoubtedly the best portrait painter of modern times. I say this emphatically, and let those who doubt it go there and judge for themselves. He has studied the Venetian school of coloring; he has, so to say, identified himself with these painters, particularly Titian, so that his works want but the touch of age, that cracked, yellowish tinge old Time's mellowing hand alone can give, to render the imitation perfect. I am aware that the low tone of color pervading his pictures is disapproved by some artists, who qualify it by the term 'blackness,' but this is unjust; his touch is always transparent and harmonious, and his system of coloring borne out by the greatest masters. Of his flesh tints it might be said, as of the Venetian masters of old—prick it and it will bleed.

"Not least among his extraordinary and many perfections, is the treatment, the attitude of his subjects; he invariably selecting such poses as Titian or Paolo Veronese would have chosen. Yet this similarity is spontaneous, and wholly free from servile mannerism; but his brush and his eye are so modulated with the conceptions of the great masters he follows, that the resemblance comes naturally. I have visited the best studios of Rome, but in point of color and treatment Mr. Page may challenge them all. He is truly a 'second Daniel come to judgment.'

"I cannot describe the gratification I felt while looking at his works, for of all schools in the world, I prefer the Venetian; and I frankly own I would rather possess Titian's 'Assumption of the Virgin' than Raphael's 'Transfiguration.' Mr. Page is still a young man, and looks, himself, like a Venetian painter. He has just finished a head of Miss Cushman, one of the most skillful likenesses of a plain woman I ever beheld; for he has toned and softened down her defects, and heightened the pleasing expression of her countenance, without in the least sacrificing the vitality of the resemblance. But the picture I especially noted, and which actually caused me a thrill of delight, as my eyes rested on it, is a portrait of Mrs. Crawford, wife of the celebrated American sculptor. Talk of Michael

Angelo burying his Bacchus, after he had broken the arm, to deceive the ignorant, and 'make believe very much' it was an antique; why this picture, after a few years' mellowing, would do more, and actually make one believe we had all gone back some hundred years, and that Paolo Veronese or Titian were alive and at work.

"He has been particularly happy in the subject, which is an extremely handsome woman; largely possessing the rich, ripe, Venetian type of beauty. The figure is partly turned away—the face looking round at the spectators, over the shoulder, giving charming lines in the fine, full neck and shoulders. The hair is simply braided,

'Yet locks upon the open brow,  
Madonna-wise, divided there.'

"The whole execution of the head is a model of color. The languid, sleepy eyes turned to ward one with just that dreamy, indolent expression Titian gives to his Venuses. The background is very singular; diamonded tapestry, in a stiff tessellated pattern, absolutely Byzantine in its severe rigidity. Such a background is a triumphant test of the artist's power, for the truth of the drawing is undeniably proved by the fact that it admits of detached objects in the immediate vicinity of the figure being accurately made out without deteriorating or confusing the principal object. This was the case with Holbein and all the severe Dutch masters.

"I could not but institute a passing comparison between the peculiar and almost symmetrical accuracy of this treatment, with the practice of modern painters, such as Reynolds, Lawrence, Hoppner, and Romney, who all, more or less, indulged in the *dash* style. Classic as they often were, they dared not introduce any severity in their backgrounds. Failing, as they often did, in close imitation and truth in the principal objects, they rather chose a general vacuity, often, indeed, an almost chaotic mystery, as necessary to give importance to the subject. In Lawrence, especially, there is evidence of artistic *trick*. Masses of shadow and half tint constantly occur, rolled up, so to say, in gleams and electric touches of light, placed in juxtaposition with the principal mass of dark. In the treatment of Page, as in Titian, and all the masters of that elevated school, there is both simplicity and breadth, dignity and earnestness, in the execution.

#### LECTURES ON ANCIENT ART.

BY M. RAOUL-ROCHETTE.

(From the Athenæum.)

M. Rochette appears to be a clear-headed man, with a sincere antiquarian love of Art, but he is not an original thinker. He can weigh testimony, compare Etruscan and Grecian Art, disjunct the transformation of the mummy of Egypt into the Venus of Greece, and there an end. His human eyes are keen, but his spiritual insight is below the average.

Art is not a question to be treated with the elaborate and tedious dullness with which bewigged men discuss a deed of settlement. The chemist may bind the invisible spirits of the atmosphere, and weigh the gases that are their essence; but such process will not enable an artist to paint the air better, or a poet to describe it more glowingly. A philosopher might as well begin to study the human mind by counting the articulations of the spinal column; as a man expect to grow from an antiquarian into an artist. We are glad, therefore, to see M. Rochette at once disown all attempts to verify unascertainable dates by arguments founded on controvertible data, and proceed at once to discuss the broad principles which regulated the development of Grecian Art. We only lament that about these principles M. Rochette teaches us nothing new. He brings us down later than the German writers, and recapitulates a few of